

THE DIVINE GIFT OF PATIENCE

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S greatest virtue was patience. In the bitter years of war he never once gave way to decisions which would provide an easy way out of his difficulties.

He held his comrades to the stern task of settling once and for all whether America should be slave or free, divided or united. It meant war; it meant suffering; it meant death for many. But the strong patient man who ruled from the White House knew that the vale of tribulation was one that he and his people must walk through. He held on patiently to the end while the guns thundered on the fields of America and her sons yielded their manhood. None suffered more than Lincoln—Father Abraham as the people called him. There was a look in his tired eyes, something in the droop of the shoulders and in the slow speech which spoke of patience. Lincoln was equipped with a virtue which was worth battalions to America in the field, and to the people at home was a great strength in the days of strain.

An Inexhaustible Reservoir

Let us have patience today. The long strain of war takes its toll of the human spirit on every front. The frayed spirit worn with waiting for men to return home; the irritated temper burdened with long hours in factories; the soldier's, sailor's, and airman's anxiety about the long break in home life. All these add to a total sum of weariness which may lead to breakdown and great unhappiness. Take a new draught of patience. There it is, this great reservoir of new life, waiting to be drawn on. It is inexhaustible. It supplies the new vitality and the new step of vigour. Stop a moment and add patience to the next decision.

ADD patience to the new set of circumstances you will meet. Believe that in the next difficult consultation and conversation it will pay to be patient. This is the strong equipment of the human spirit which makes weak mortals triumphant in the hour of crisis. It is by patience that men have painted great masterpieces; planned glories in marble and stone; charted seas and crossed continents. Patience hath her victories no less than war. It is the final equipment of man made in the image of God, for without it he misunderstands the universe and his place in it.

A Virtue Increased by Use

Patience is God's gift to men. Like courage it is a divine gift which may be increased and multiplied by use. It rusts and decays when its practice is forgotten. Job realised that when all the calamities of the world descended on him. He railed against God. He wished he had never been born and cried aloud that every man's hand was against his and that God had forsaken him.

THEN Job remembered patience and turned to all the immonsties of God's creation. He set himself—his own puny affairs and anxieties—against all that God had done in the age-long patience of His creation. It was then that he heard God speaking in the immortal poem about God's vast patience:

*Gird up now thy loins like a man;
For I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.*

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?

Declare, if thou hast understanding.

Who determined the measures thereof, if thou knowest?

Or who stretched the line upon it?

Whereupon were the foundations thereof fastened?

Or who laid the corner stone thereof;

When the morning stars sang together,

And all the sons of God shouted for joy?

It was the patience of God in the universe, and patience with man which again restored Job to his self-respect. Add patience to your survey of affairs and see its place in all the vast range of man's life. It is a virtue of heaven set out for the life of man on earth. It is a constant token of the divine pattern in human life.

The Best Practising Ground

Patience is far-seeing. It works for tomorrow perhaps even more than it does for today. It sees the light of the sky beyond the line of darkened hills. It knows that somewhere the sun is shining and sets its face towards it. It keeps on believing the best even when the worst is all that can be known, and it prepares for the good when evil alone is rampant. This is the virtue upon which time and the seasons are built and on which the universe turns.

Patience is a divine gift, but the common life of man is its best practising ground. It is here that its great practitioners like Job and like Lincoln have held their ground. They have gone on practising it when impatient men have demanded that they should do something. Patience refuses to be hurried, or to be rushed to wrong conclusions, and patience is needed now when those who cry out with assumed wisdom about the ordering of war and peace are loud in their protestations. Patience means an attempt, at least, to understand great issues and set them fairly in the right setting. It is the great protector from hastiness of speech and temper.

LIFT up then the banner of patience. As a people we need it as the war draws on. We need to see its brave, fair folds hoisted in the breezes of the day. Let it fly as a sign of our resolute calm and our tenacity of purpose. Let us keep it flying when people of other countries, and especially our friends, are critical. Only in patience do men and countries really possess their souls; without it they become snappy and aggressive, pig-headed and argumentative.

A Great Active Quality

Let us hold patience as a great ideal in these latter days of a great adventure of the human spirit. It is an ideal that the lowliest may know and treasure and practise. It spans all classes and creeds and is seen wherever men have divined something of the inner springs of life. Most of the world's greatest men of action have been men of patience, and our own General Montgomery has this gift in high degree. Such men have known how to wait and how to plan. They have known the inestimable wisdom of seeing what it is they want and of having patience to attain it. Therein lies the great active quality of patience.

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Marching On

Ground staff of a French Spitfire squadron on parade in Corsica. The pennant on the airman's rifle bears the badge of a famous French squadron of the last war.

Mutiny at a Grammar School

How long should the Christmas holidays be? That is a question on which schoolboys and authorities have never agreed, and we doubt if ever they will. Most schoolboys have a tendency to think that if the Christmas holiday could be extended, and linked with an earlier and longer Easter holiday, the result would be a fairly satisfactory vacation. But they realise, of course, that grown-ups, who are always thinking of such relatively unimportant things as Education, cannot be expected to appreciate properly the value of longer holidays; and therefore they accept the meagre allowance with a sigh—and a protest out of earshot.

But this was not always so, and a former High Master of Manchester Grammar School has written to tell us of a mutiny which took place there following a dispute between masters and boys as to the length of the Christmas holidays.

It was in 1690, when there was

a spirit of lawlessness still prevailing in Manchester as the result of the Revolution of 1688, and the boys, feeling they were being cheated of their just dues, locked themselves in and defied the masters. The townsfolk, as usual, took the side of the schoolboys and supplied them with food and firearms; and the boys held out for a whole fortnight, firing at the legs of their opponents.

Even in a history of over four centuries Manchester Grammar School can have known no episode more stirring than this.

On the result of this mutiny there is no clear information except that there was an addition to the school rules. No boy was allowed at any time to convey into the school buildings any dagger, cutlass, or firearm. This rule persisted well into the 19th century, and some Old Boys can remember it still in their own day, though they do not remember any outbreak of violence over holidays.

The High Resolve of Fighting Friends

THE Conferences of the past few weeks have emphasised the worldwide nature of the war. Representatives of a thousand million people—half the world's population—have met to decide ways and means of bringing the war to a speedy end with the unconditional surrender of Japan and Germany.

Unconditional surrender would be the United Nations terms for Peace it was announced after the Casablanca Conference last January; and as a first step to that end the defeat of Italy was planned and carried out within a few months.

Now Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, President Roosevelt, and Mr Churchill, with their Service chiefs, have met in North Africa to decide the fate of Japan; and a later meeting at Teheran, in Persia, between Marshal Stalin, President Roosevelt, and Mr Churchill made plans for the final overthrow of Germany.

After the North Africa Conference the three great Allies concerned "expressed their resolve to bring unrelenting pressure against their brutal enemies by sea, land, and air. They are fighting this war to restrain and punish the aggression of Japan. They covet no gain for themselves, and have no thought of territorial expansion."

They declared that Japan must restore to the Republic of China all the territories stolen from her since 1914, and must be stripped of all Pacific islands and other territories taken by violence and greed; Korea in due course to become free and independent.

The three Allies undertook to persevere until the unconditional surrender of Japan was procured.

Although we are allies of Russia in the war against Germany the Soviet Union is not at war with Japan.

Persia was the scene of the meeting between Marshal Stalin, President Roosevelt, and Mr Churchill. Churchill and Stalin had met before in Moscow during the war, but it was the first time the President and the Marshal

had met. However, all three came together with mutual understanding for, not only had there been frequent exchanges of personal messages, but the conference of Foreign Secretaries in Moscow a few weeks earlier had prepared the ground for the meeting of the Chiefs.

After the Teheran meeting this official statement was issued.

"We have reached complete agreement as to the scope and timing of the operations which will be undertaken from the East, West, and South.

"The common understanding which we have here reached guarantees that victory will be ours.

"And as to peace we are sure that our concord will make it an enduring peace.

"We shall seek the co-operation and the active participation of all nations, large and small, whose peoples in heart and mind are dedicated, as are our own peoples, to the elimination of tyranny and slavery, oppression, and intolerance. We will welcome them as they may choose to come into a world family of democratic nations. From these friendly conferences we look with confidence to the day when all peoples of the world may live free lives, untouched by tyranny and according to their varying desires and their own consciences.

"We came here with hope and determination. We leave here friends in fact, in spirit, and in purpose."

It has long been the aim of Nazi propaganda to cause dissension among the Allies, but the decisions made in Africa and Persia have shown our enemies that the United Nations are united indeed.

MORE MEN FOR THE MINES

FACED with the greatest manpower shortage in the history of coalmining, the Government has decided to apply conscription. 30,000 more entrants are needed by April 30 next, and they will be drawn from young men aged 18 to 25, who will not be given the choice of joining the armed forces.

The son of a miner, of a bricklayer or a duke will have equal liability of being conscripted. The chances are nine to one against a boy going to a mine, and he will not be compelled to remain in it after the war.

The Minister of Labour has decided that the selection of boys for the mines shall be directed by ballot. From time to time a clerk will draw from a receptacle one of ten pieces of paper bearing the numbers 0 to 9, and all those whose National Service Registration Certificate number ends with the figure

drawn will be conscripted. No conscientious objection will be considered, and only the following will escape: Those accepted for flying duties in the R.A.F. or Fleet Air Arm; those accepted as artificers in submarines; those in a short list of highly skilled jobs in Services trades; and those not thoroughly fit.

Eleven coalpits in various parts of the country have been chosen as training centres, and before the young men begin actual mining they will have courses of physical training, underground work, surface work, and classroom work. They will be billeted in a miner's home or in an approved hostel, and when they get to work they will be provided with proper clothing, pit boots, and safety helmets. When the war is over the conscript can return to his former life and any education he has lost will be made good.

THINGS SEEN

Ploughs being towed by tanks instead of tractors in the East Riding of Yorkshire.

A mushroom ten inches across, at Hawkinge in Kent.

Your C N

Readers of the Children's Newspaper who have difficulty in obtaining regular copies are advised to place an order with their newsagent immediately.

ICELAND A NEW REPUBLIC

Iceland is to become a Republic; of the 52 MPs in her parliament, 45 voted for this change on December 1.

But Iceland was a republic a thousand years ago. Its first colonists, arriving there about 874 A.D., were Norwegians fleeing from the tyrannical rule of their own king, Harald Haarfager. These exiles had taken earlier refuge in the Orkneys, the Hebrides, and Ireland, but the long arm of Harald's vengeance reached out after them in those places. Iceland (or The Island) afforded them complete safety, and within half a century they had founded an aristocratic republic, with a parliament meeting each year at Thingvellir, the still-existing Althing.

It was not until 1263 that Iceland acknowledged the sovereignty of the King of Norway. In 1381 Norway was united with Denmark, and Iceland went with her, remaining a Danish possession even after 1814, when the Great Powers separated Denmark from Norway.

Today Iceland has a well-educated population of about 120,000, quite able to look after their own affairs; and since December 1, 1918, it has been a self-governing state united with Denmark only through the Crown.

At School on the Gold Coast

A Committee which has been examining the educational system of the Gold Coast emphasises in its report the important part that agriculture and arts and crafts must play in the lives of the native people.

In many African schools today cultivation of the garden is closely related to the course of study. Arithmetic, for instance, can be effectively taught in terms of land measurement, and nature study can be applied to vegetable growing and crop rotation. For the farmers of the future special agricultural training centres are being opened.

Weaving, pottery-making, and other native crafts are also part of the curriculum in many schools, and for those children who will become craftsmen when they grow up, special vocational training is provided.

PRIORITY CALL

Soon after arriving in England after being abroad a year or so, a soldier tried to telephone to his wife. "You will have to wait three or four hours," said the operator, "there is much delay on the line."

The soldier sighed. "Oh, well, miss," he said, "I suppose it won't make much difference after waiting twelve months."

He meant, of course, that he had been longing to see his wife for a year, but the operator misunderstood him, assuming that he was being sarcastic. "Oh, no," murmured the soldier, "I'm not criticising the telephone exchange. I mean I've been out of the country a long time, and another hour or two won't make much difference."

"Hold on," murmured the operator in a kindly tone, "I'll put you through."

She did—in less than five minutes.

Little News Reels

DURING the meeting at Teheran Mr Churchill handed the Sword of Stalingrad to Marshal Stalin on behalf of the King.

The Prime Minister, Mr Roosevelt, and President Inonu have had a three-day meeting in Cairo which bore testimony to the firm friendship between the American, British, Russian, and Turkish peoples.

Bolivia, the South American republic of 2,500,000 people, has declared war on the Axis.

The largest volunteer army in the world is the 2,000,000 strong Indian Army, increasing at the rate of 60,000 men a month.

Scotland now has 17,000 tractors, two and a half times as many as in 1939.

Lord Southwood has bought John Burns's famous library of books on London, and will present it to London. It may go to County Hall.

Six U-boats were sunk by Allied aircraft recently when packs of them set out to attack three Atlantic convoys.

Despite widespread fog 1,572,819 loaded wagons were worked from stations and sidings served by the LMS during October—the highest monthly total since 1940. This figure does not include the many thousands of wagons passed to the LMS by other railways.

THERE are 7700 women conductors in the London Transport area.

Nearly 200 LCC schools are to be opened as holiday clubs during the Christmas holidays.

A father has sent £20 to an Essex village school in appreciation of the remarkable progress made by his two children evacuated from London.

The University of London have founded a new Professorship of Technical Optics, and the first holder of the Chair to be appointed is Dr L. C. Martin.

Youth News Reel

THERE are more than 500,000 Scouts under General Chiang Kai-shek, who is Chief Scout for China. The Scouts help with telephone communications, act as interpreters and messengers, and give invaluable first aid to the wounded.

18,000 trees have been planted on the Elgin County gravel farm by the Boy Scouts of St Thomas (Ontario).

Canadian Scoutmasters now serving in this country with the Armed Forces are hoping to receive invitations to speak in schools on "Life in Canada."

FOR the rescue of three adults and two children who were stranded in a boat on Lake Windermere during a storm, Patrol Leaders George Willis and

THE ISLAND LEADER

A clergyman has just passed on at South Shields who at one time was a doctor, dentist, priest, schoolteacher, speaker of a parliament, and a judge.

He was the Revd A. G. Partidge, who from 1929 to 1933 ruled the lonely island of Tristan da Cunha in the South Atlantic, and there filled all these posts on behalf of the 170 inhabitants. He carried out his duties so faithfully and efficiently that on recognition of his services on the island the Government awarded him the M.B.E.

To meet the serious rubber shortage, London Transport engineers are using parts of felt hats and old fire hose for repairs.

The Post Office have announced that of the thousands of parcels sent from this country to prisoners of war only one in a thousand have been lost or damaged.

IN a new chapel now being erected within the parish church of Warsop, Nottinghamshire, there will be mural representations of a miner's life.

The only gardener in Yorkshire who grew oranges on a large scale, Mr J. Loader, of Bridlington, has just died at 73. He cultivated a wonderful garden of fruits up till a few weeks ago.

The Great Western Railway staff have sent 65,000 parcels through the company's Comforts Fund to colleagues in the Forces.

Mr and Mrs G. Jones, of Dagenham, old age pensioners, managed to save 1000 threepenny pieces for the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund. Immediately they had sent them they were informed that their son, who had been missing for 16 months, was a prisoner of war in Japanese hands.

A veteran ploughman of 73, Mr E. Rogers, of Sealand, has this year won the championship shield of the Cheshire Ploughing and Hedge Cutting Society.

During November American factories set up a new record by turning out 8789 aeroplanes.

By abolishing the red button on the crown of messengers' caps, the Post Office will save £25 a year.

Under the will of Miss Ellen Godfrey, £1000 was left to be divided, on the anniversary of the blitz on Sheffield (December 12), among the twenty poorest victims of the blitz.

Wilfred Atton, of Rotherham, have each been awarded the Scout Certificate of Gallantry.

The Endurance Award of The Girls' Life Brigade has been granted to Joan Currie of the 23rd London Company for her cheerful patience during many months of suffering.

The 1st New Barnet Company has given £60, a pound for each member, to Boys Brigade Funds to mark the Diamond Jubilee. The Company's Captain is now in his 56th year of B.B. service, and still going strong.

Irene Cloughton, of York, Captain of a Lone Guide Company, has been awarded the Girl Guide Badge of Fortitude for exceptional courage and endurance under great suffering.

More Ships Built Than Sunk

Colonel Knox, the Secretary of the United States Navy, has stated that American, British, and Canadian shipyards have built, during the war, more merchant ships than the enemy has sunk. Allied shipping, therefore, is now as great as at the beginning of the war.

He characterised this success as an amazing achievement, unequalled in history. We have built ships faster than anyone dreamed was possible. In his statement of losses Colonel Knox included ships lost from all causes—submarines, air attack, collisions, and so on.

Hunting Ducks in the Arctic

ONE of the strangest exploits for which a medal has been awarded followed the sinking of a Dutch merchantman in a convoy bound for Murmansk.

The crew took to the boats, and in less than a week sailed 600 miles and reached one of the two deserted island tundras of Nova Zembla, off the northern coast of Russia.

The need for food being urgent the third engineer made a loop with a length of cord, fastened it to a long stick, and set out hopefully with some of the other men in search of prey. After a short

time they returned jubilantly with 140 dead ducks.

They explained that these ducks had probably never seen a man before, and, filled with curiosity, had waddled up to the hunters and obligingly placed their heads in the loop. It is evident that curiosity kills ducks as well as cats.

Eventually the men reached a telegraph station and sailed home, and two British seamen, the wireless-operator and the ship's carpenter, are among those who have won the Dutch DSC for their adventure.

THE DONKEY ON LEAVE

One of the most energetic workers for a recent patriotic appeal at New Plymouth, New Zealand, was a grey donkey, Horace, who carried a placard stating that he was on leave from the Middle East. From early morning till late afternoon the donkey gave rides to hundreds of children, raising nearly £8.

At intervals Horace's patriotism waned and at one stage he caused a slight traffic jam. But he was moved by appeals to his better nature, plus a carrot or two, and in the end all was well.

A Green Feast For a Soldier

WHAT, other than the prospect of homecoming after victory, ought most to delight a British soldier at the Front? Perhaps there are as many answers as there are men; but a CN friend tells of at least one surprising source of delight to his own young front-line hero in Italy.

It was something good to look at, and something the soldier found still better to taste, so he dashed off a letter of triumph before his ecstasy had time to cool. The item that so pleased him was a cabbage!

The men had been so long denied this homely vegetable, that to see and taste it again moved him to rapture; the cabbage was so novel, so fresh, so green, and so delicious, he wrote. It was the greatest prize that conquest had yet brought him.

There is a French phrase, *Mon petit chou!* (My little cabbage), which is a term of the warmest endearment, and this young Englishman in Italy now understands its true tenderness.

Sad but true it is that a war was necessary to make most of us appreciate the real worth of common things—those everyday things we once took for granted.

THE TREMENDOUS TRIFLE

The story has just been told of how a small coin was responsible for saving 75 lives and a ship worth £70,000 with a cargo worth nearly four times as much.

It seems almost incredible, but it is true. During a British invasion in the Mediterranean the engines of a tank-landing craft in charge of Lieutenant R. N. Donaldson broke down. The ship was at the mercy of a rough sea and of enemy aircraft. It seemed as if nothing could be done; but Petty Officer J. Jamieson had the happy idea of using a tiny coin (a 50-centime piece) to mend a broken feed-pipe, and by this means the ship was able to forge ahead, reaching the invasion beach very shortly after schedule.

THE COXSWAIN'S PROUD RECORD

Coxswain Robert Cross has just retired after being in charge of the Humber lifeboat station for 31 years. During that period he has helped to save 403 lives and has twice won the gold medal of the National Lifeboat Institution. He is the only lifeboatman who has won the George Medal.

SHADOW AND SUNSHINE

The young airman waved goodbye to his wife as the train steamed out of the station. Then he fell back into the corner of the compartment and looked very unhappy. "This," he said gloomily, "is the worst of a leave—you have to go back."

He was scowling as he spoke. Suddenly he said: "Anyone got a knife?"

A WAAF glanced nervously in his direction. A sailor shook his head. A soldier made a pretence of feeling in his pockets and said, "Sorry." Everyone in the carriage kept a watchful, suspicious eye on the desperately-depressed airman.

"Oh, well," he remarked at last, "I'm sorry. I was going to hand a bit of my wedding cake to you—"

The sailor grinned. His hand vanished, reappearing with a clasp-knife. So the cake was shared, and the young airman looked happier.

A CITY'S CHRISTMAS TREES

Sheffield Corporation has its own afforestation scheme, and thousands of fir trees have been planted in nursery plots.

Now that they are ready for planting out there is no available labour for the task. So, rather than have them wasted, 8000 of them are being sold as Christmas trees, much to the delight of the young people of the City of Steel.



A Big Stir

Judging by the size of the mixing bowl there should be second helpings of Christmas pudding in at least one WRNS depot. Chief Wren Cook Mrs Bareham and her assistants are certainly revelling in this stirring episode.

The High Cost of Houses

Since the war house-building costs have almost doubled.

The House Builders Association of Great Britain gives as an example a typical small house which cost £340 in 1939, exclusive of the land, the road, and other site works. A similar house would today cost £677 10s.

It is added that in 1939 the average cost of land, road, sewers, and other services for an average small house was £79. The Association also states that the cost of rural houses organised by local authorities has in some cases reached £1000 per house; and it is expected that in the early period after the war this will be the cost of a house which formerly cost £550 (including land, road, sewers, and so on), although the figure may fall in five years to £700.

It should be added that the Association desires land to remain a free market, and that private house builders should enjoy any advantages provided for local authorities. It also wishes the control of the building industry to revert to the industry, conditions to be settled by its own machinery. The Prime Minister, however, has very plainly stated that vested interests are not to interfere with his national plan.

NORTHERN NOTIONS

A sum of £100 has been left on trust by a Westmorland landowner for the provision of plum cake and cheese for members of the West Riding County Council. In his will the benefactor speaks of the meal as "the good old Yorkshire fare." All Yorkshiremen will applaud his description. Wherever they go they take their cheese-and-cake custom, and find ready converts.

Lancashire folk, whatever their attitude concerning cheese with cake, declare that they really do know what the correct combination should be. It is revealed in an ancient Lancashire proverb:

*Apple tart without cheese
Is like a kiss without a squeeze.*

Nothing would induce the North to call a fruit pie anything but a fruit tart, hence the word in the old rhyme.

AUTOGRAPHIC

An incident which illustrates Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt's well-known kindness occurred on the occasion of her brief visit to Auckland, New Zealand.

A party of wounded Americans were among a crowd who came to see America's First Lady, and one of them approached her for her autograph. As nothing else was available at the moment Mrs Roosevelt signed her name on a portion of the soldier's bandages.

Australia's School By Post

In the "out-back" farm homes of Australia and on lonely sheep stations many hundreds of children take lessons by post.

From Adelaide 31 teachers direct these widely-scattered pupils. In ordinary times many of the children would have come into the cities for schooling on special scholarships, but they now stay at home to help on the farms.

The lessons set by teachers at the Correspondence School at Adelaide reach the young pupils by devious means after posting. From crudely fashioned letter-boxes by the wayside in the "big scrubs further out," or on undefined tracks amid the vast expanses of the interior, the envelopes marked "On His Majesty's Service" are picked up by camel teams, motor trucks, or riders on horseback and delivered at the homesteads. Then, the lessons done, the precious packages have to be taken back over these long and lonely wastes.

After all the toil and patience and anxiety in negotiating the pitfalls of mathematics and grammar, and the intricacies of drawing, there is pent-up excitement until the teachers' marks are revealed in the return post—sometimes a matter of weeks!

FOILED BY AN INVALID

A Leeds man of 32 who has never walked in his life, but has to use a motor-driven invalid chair, found some thieves at work the other day in a factory basement where his father is caretaker. At once he went after them, racing a mile through the streets, across a main road, and by a short cut over waste ground to head them off, not minding the bumping. He did not catch the men, but so determined was his pursuit that they dropped their sacks of stolen cloth and cleared off as best they could.

If Mr Leonard Doyle had been used for years to his motor-chair, his feat would be remarkable enough. But he has had it only for six months, and in those six months has explored his neighbourhood so thoroughly that the thieves had no chance against him.

WELL DONE, IPSWICH!

The Prisoners of War Fund of Ipswich has during the past year benefited by £1100 through the sale of goods at what is known as the "voluntary" shop. The goods sold there are all given, the assistants in the shop all give their services, and the profits are all devoted to the Fund.

IN THE ENGLISH WILDS

The peacefulness of the English countryside is more apparent than real; all may be tranquil, but at night an enemy often wakes to create jungle conditions in miniature.

On a recent night this enemy found a flock of Christmas geese on a quiet Kentish farm. The geese sacred to Juno woke the sleeping Romans when Gauls attacked the city, but either the Kentish geese were not so vehement, or else rural Kent sleeps more soundly than the garrison of a beleaguered city.

Be that as it may, in the morning it was found that a fox had killed and had eaten more than half a prime goose, leaving the remains, presumably, for a return visit on the following night. Complaining to a neighbour, the farmer was informed that two nights earlier the fox or its mate had visited his own poultry pens and killed five of his best pullets.

STORY

A rationing officer "down under" in New Zealand received an application for a new ration book. The writer detailed at great length how she had lost the original book and asked to be issued with another.

But after the signature this appeared:

"P.S.—I've just found it."

The EDITOR'S TABLE

HOW LONG?

"NOTHING more forcibly marks the weakness of a bad cause than persecution."

So said Bishop Athanasius in the fourth century A.D., when he was driven from Alexandria because of his beliefs.

Time and again History has shown the truth of this statement, and before long its wisdom can be expected to percolate even the Nazi mind!

The Things They Ask

A CORRESPONDENT, in calling our attention to the good work done by Citizens' Advice Bureaus throughout the land, sends these few examples of questions dealt with by the Leeds Bureau during the past year.

What is the correct way to introduce a Flight-Lieutenant to an Army Captain?

What can I do about a poorly hen?

Where can I learn to milk a goat?

What is the duty to be paid on cosmetics from Eire?

Problems large and small are dealt with daily in hundreds of Citizens' Advice Bureaus, and if it is true, as a poet once said, that

*... All who joy would win
Must share it—Happiness was
born a twin.*

it is equally true that a trouble shared is a trouble halved. And many a harassed citizen has had good cause to thank the willing voluntary helpers at C.A.B.s throughout the land.

Bell-Punch and Baton

WE have just heard of a girl bus conductor in Yorkshire who loves classical music, and has a collection of over 500 gramophone records, all with pieces by famous musicians.

Her idea of a busman's holiday, we presume, is to conduct her favourite musicians.

JUST AN IDEA

There is nothing so small, said John Ruskin, but that we may ask God's guidance about it.

Under the Editor's Table

A BAD boy said he had a glowing school report. Must have put it on the fire.

THE ideal gramophone needle has not yet been invented. But most of them come up to the scratch.

IT is said that a famous pianist knows how to play on the emotions. We have only heard him on the piano.

SHARP practice—sucking lemons.

Peter Puck
Wants to
Know



If middle-men
live in a shop-
ping centre

A NORWEGIAN factory is making clothes from paper. We need not take a leaf out of its book.

AN author has been given a title. For his new book.

A MAN says that he likes to study current affairs. No doubt an electrician.

SOME doctors believe in letting a cold run its course. And hope nobody will catch it.

For Future Reference

WE thought it must come; we are surprised that it has not come sooner. Yes, they are beginning to say that boys and girls will be asking for testimonials from their employers before long, instead of being expected to supply them. The reason hardly needs mentioning—there are not enough boys and girls for the current needs of office and factory, and young people know they can get jobs at good wages the moment they leave school.

Some thoughtful elders feel that these wages are too good, and they fear the effect of too much spare money on the young imagination. That is because, young and old, we have developed the habit of thinking

always in terms of money. It is by no means an exclusively British failing, for, despite what Napoleon said, ours is not the only "nation of shopkeepers." The whole world has grown far too materialistic, and it has taken two terrible wars to shake most of us out of that way of thinking.

In itself, the idea that a boy or girl on the threshold of first employment should expect "references" from the employer is good; and there is no harm at all in looking forward to the day when, whether with children or grown-ups, British employers will be as ready to furnish good references as to ask for them.

HOUSES OR FLATS?

OUR own opinion on the vexed question of Houses or Flats is that, wherever possible, our public authorities should build houses rather than flats, and houses placed so as to give ample garden ground and with good access to parks and other open spaces. We think, however, that every part of the subject should be as well ventilated as a good house, and therefore direct attention to a statement on the subject by Lord Esher, chairman of the Central Council of Civic Societies.

Lord Esher points out how Leeds has constructed in her

congested centre an estate of flats which, with their lifts, water supply, rubbish disposal, central laundry, and many other conveniences, is the last word in making flats comfortable. On the other hand, Leeds has developed at Briarside a housing estate with all the modern ideas of model houses and traffic disposal.

As we understand it, Lord Esher pleads for moderation on this question, and suggests that in practical work we must have regard to varying conditions and build to meet them.

Truth From Goebbels

THE Nazi Propaganda Minister is notoriously untruthful, but he has recently made one statement that is true beyond challenge. Speaking of Hitler, Goebbels said, "The youth of Germany adores him." That is a fact, though the adoration is not limited to German youth; it is shared by German adults, who have images of Hitler in their homes, and bow to them in all reverence.

Hitler, by a process of what is called mass hypnotism, has fascinated and bemused vast numbers of credulous Germans. They can read in his infamous book that he makes a fixed policy of lying on a grand scale, but nothing that he does seems wrong

to them; nothing that he may do will seem wrong until the fate to which he has doomed Germany is seen to be inevitable.

Such misguided fanatical devotion to so evil a man is beyond the understanding of the average Briton, yet it was a British bishop, Beilby Porteous, who faithfully described the conditions in a telling phrase, many years ago—*One murder makes a villain, millions, a hero.*

Rubber Boots For Land Workers

COMPLAINT of a serious shortage of rubber boots among Norfolk farm workers brings to light a curious fact.

It appears that, under international agreement, prisoners of war must be provided with rubber boots when engaged on work which warrants their use; and it appears that in Norfolk Italian prisoners of war working on the land have had rubber boots while farm hands working in mud and water could not get them.

It is right that we should treat our prisoners well, but there is no justification, surely, for giving them preferential treatment; it is hoped that the Board of Trade will increase the allocation of rubber boots for our own workers.

WHAT HE REGRETTED

REMEMBER what Simonides said—that he never repented that he had held his tongue, but often that he had spoken. Plutarch



The Shadow on the Blind

Old blinds formerly used in L.P.T.B. Metropolitan trains are converted into brushes for cleaning and lubricating machinery. The other materials used are wood for handles from old railway vehicles and scrap metal to hold bristles and handles together. Here we see a blind examined before being cut up.

PENNY DONKEYS

IT has been reported from South Africa that in the country towns there the price of donkeys has been falling. At one time they cost as much as sixpence, but now, we are told, the supply so greatly exceeds the demand that a donkey can be bought for one penny.

We noticed a wistful look coming into Peter Puck's eye as he read this entrancing piece of news. No doubt he was thinking of those far-off days when he paid a penny for a donkey ride on Margate sands. How much more exciting if he could have become the proud owner of Neddy for that penny!

In a world of soaring prices South Africa must be a wonderful place for the Jolly Uncle, for where else can a man take a

threepenny-piece from his pocket and hand it to his nephew with the remark: "Here, you young monkey, go and buy yourself a donkey; and you had better spend the change on twopenny-worth of carrots!"

A magnificent gesture; but however attractive, the prospect might seem for uncle, we may be sure that mother and dad are glad the British donkey market is unlikely to be affected by the South African slump. Otherwise, we know of more than one small boy who might go out with his Saturday sixpence to buy his sweet ration, but change his mind on the way and return home with half a dozen donkeys, having decided that he and his friends could have some good fun riding them round the garden.

The Airman's Natural Foe

FOG is probably a more powerful defence for Germany than fighter planes. Our navigators can steer their way, flying blind, through the air; the trouble lies at home, for fog may so obscure our own airfields as to make landing unsafe on the return journey. That condition, not the might of Nazi defensive forces, may prevent an unabated assault on the enemy.

We are apt to imagine that British fogs, notably in the vicinity of London and other great cities, result mainly from our habit of burning raw coal and so darkening the air with smoke. Such smoke is only a contributory cause, for fogs were a bane to our own land and others long before coal came into use as a fuel.

In a book which was read in the pagan days of Scandinavia, there is a story of the heathen god, Woden, coming down amid

the haunts of men, disguised as a blind wayfarer, seeking hospitality and working his way by asking riddles for the entertainment of his hosts. One such riddle has a topical interest.

It runs: Who is the huge one that passes over the earth, swallowing water and woods, that fears the wind, but not man? The answer is, The Fog, and every night-flying airman will attest its accuracy.

CAMOUFLAGE

A Home Guard corporal, posted in a field with a machine-gun, camouflaged it effectively with fresh leaves and twigs. Everything remained quiet until a cow came up to eat the camouflage. Then the corporal drove the cow away with a cracker.

But as soon as quiet reigned again the cow came back to get on with its meal, making an effective counter-attack.

The Talk of the Fishes On Record

A NEW direction has been given to inquiry into the language of the fishes by the U S Navy, which, together with the Board of Fisheries, has been making records of "fish talk" beneath the surface of the sea. This is part of the training of submarine technicians who will learn to distinguish by sensitive listening devices between the call of the sea and the hum of the propellers of enemy submarines.

Though not dumb, fishes are deaf. Their ears are not for hearing; sounds reach them only through their skin. On the other hand, they employ more than one of their organs to give out loud cries, if a grunt can be called a cry.

Some of the examples, quoted from the report of the marine laboratory at Beaufort, North Carolina, are of fishes with names unfamiliar to English ears, such as the toad fish, *Opsanus tau*, said to be noisier of all, with a bellow as loud below water as a steamship siren above it. Next to the toad fish, the "croakers" are cited as the most talkative. The sea trout are included among them, the females silent, the males vociferous. Another member of the croaker tribe, the "weak fishes" speak only in a whisper.

Although hampered by the American vocabulary in identifying these conversationalists, we can produce corresponding noisy fishes from our own waters, and others that have been examined by British investigators like Mr J. T. Cunningham. The sapphire gurnard, known among the North Sea fishermen as the tub or latchet, emits sounds in a succession of short grunts. The sounds are produced by the air bladder, which is divided by a diaphragm with a hole in it. The sound is thrown into vibration by air being forced from one compartment into the other.

For Those Who Cannot See

THERE are over 75,000 blind people in England and Wales, and it is good to learn from its annual report that the National Institute for the Blind has had a year of remarkable progress in its service to the sightless population.

Its long list of achievements includes the establishment of two new homes for blind babies—at Kingsthorpe in Northamptonshire, and Northwood in Middlesex; reduction in the price of special apparatus, and the free gift of it where needed for livelihood; research into the education of sightless children; and the launching of a campaign to prevent blindness.

Throughout the year, the Institute reports, the blind have

Some of the other gurnards produce less noticeable sounds, and so does the John Dory. The Mediterranean "maigre" has been known in all ages for the variety and loudness of the sound it makes. It is chiefly produced when the fish are in shoals, and some have suggested that the Greek myth of the sirens arose from it, though we think that Ulysses could hardly have been deceived. Another of the same species in the sub-tropical Atlantic is called the "drum" because of its loud vibrations which have been compared to the booming of a rapidly-beaten drum.

In some of the South American cat fishes there is an elastic string mechanism attached to the backbone, which throws the inner drum into vibration to produce the sound.

In other fishes, like the trigger fish, abundant about the island of Ascension, the "drum" bladder appears to be vibrated by the pectoral fin, or by the scraping of the bones. At Ascension also is a trigger fish which produces distinct sounds from grating together its upper and lower teeth. The common scad or horse mackerel does the like; and we must not omit from our list the conger eel, which the fishermen say "barks like a dog" when caught. That is a fisherman's tale, but the conger does make a loud gurgling sound in its struggles to escape.

thrown themselves wholeheartedly into the war effort. A thousand men and women took up jobs in aircraft and munition factories; and 3400 were fully employed on war contracts in their special workshops.

The normal activities of the Institute also seem to have been stimulated by the war, for there was development in the production of Braille and talking-books; blind homeworkers sold more goods than ever before; and there was marked success in the schools for blind boys and girls.

Meanwhile, the Institute continues its blessed task of helping bomb-blinded people to recover their place in the world. For all these things let a nation be truly thankful.

LOSS AND PROFIT

A CERTAIN London suburb is famous for the size and beauty of the trees by which its main street is flanked. During the great blitz several of these were damaged by a high-explosive bomb. One, a giant elm, was uprooted, and others have since slowly perished from their injuries and thus become a public danger.

So tree-felling experts have been sawing off the great boughs one by one and then bringing down the ruined trunks. The fate of the trees has naturally

been generally lamented, but one man watched with every evidence of cheerful expectancy.

As one towering tree crashed, in exactly the place desired by the woodmen, he stepped eagerly forward, and, producing a great bag, hastily filled it with loam from the exposed roots. With his booty he scurried home to his garden, unloaded, and returned again and again for more, a very grateful gardener, glad with the reward of watching, waiting, and enterprise. For him, at least, good had come of evil.

CARRY ON

LAUGH ON

LAUGH on, fair Cousins, for to you
All life is joyous yet;
Your hearts have all things to pursue,
And nothing to regret;
And every flower to you is fair,
And every month is May;
You've not been introduced to Care;
Laugh on, laugh on, today!

O'er me have many winters crept
With less of grief than joy;
But I have learned and toiled and wept;
I am no more a boy.
I've never had the gout, 'tis true;
My hair is hardly grey;
But now I cannot laugh like you;
Laugh on, laugh on, today.

I used to have as glad a face,
As shadowless a brow;
I once could run as blithe a race
As you are running now;
But never mind how I behave:
Don't interrupt your play;
And though I feel so very grave
Laugh on, laugh on, today!

Winthrop Mackworth Praed

Arthur Mee on Immortality

WE talk of immortality as if it were in doubt, but science has no doubt that Life and Mind are both immortal. Life is immortal, surely; it goes on from age to age unbroken. The simplest creature we can find alive is never known to die, but breaks itself up into two, and two into four, and four into eight, and so through an endless living chain. Our bodies pass away, but only the form of life-cells disappears; Life clearly does not die. And Mind is immortal too; the child is father of the man, the man is father of the child, and human influence never dies away. By endless generations Life keeps up its everlasting chain.

YOUR THOUGHTS WHEN YOU ARE GONE

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory:
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

Shelley

More Time For Friendship

THE world would be more happy if persons gave up more time to an intercourse of friendship. But money engrosses all our deference; and we scarce enjoy a social hour, because we think it unjustly stolen from the main business of our lives.

William Shenstone

The Heavens Declare the Glory of God

THE heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord, is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever; the judg-

ments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me. Then shall I be upright, and innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

Psalms 19

OUR HERITAGE

WHEN I stand up for England
A thousand years are mine,
I'm one with all the heroes
Of her unbroken line;
I'm Freedom breaking tyrants,
I'm Justice binding wrong,
I'm Raleigh's sail borne westward,
I'm Shakespeare's golden song.

When I stand up for England,
O privilege divine!
I'm one with all her triumphs,
Her thousand years are mine.

When I stand up for Goodness
All time is in my soul,
I'm God's great Purpose starting
From chaos to its goal;
I'm Light that moves from darkness,
I'm Love that turns from strife,
I'm Galilee, I'm Athens,
I'm everlasting Life.

When I stand up for goodness,
O privilege divine!
I'm all that man has conquered,
His million years are mine.

Harold Begbie

The Basis of All Study

ALL books are properly the record of the history of past men. What thoughts past men had in them; what actions past men did; the summary of all books whatsoever lies there. It is on this ground that the class of books specifically named history can be safely recommended as the basis of all study of books; the preliminary of all right and full understanding of anything we can expect to find in books.

Past history, and especially the past history of one's own native country; everybody may be advised to begin with that. Let him study that faithfully; innumerable inquiries, with due indications, will branch out from it; he has a broad beaten highway from which all the country is more or less visible; there travelling, let him choose where he will dwell. Thomas Carlyle

Giving and Taking Counsel

NO man is so foolish but may give good counsel sometimes; and no man is so wise but may easily err, if he will take no other's counsel but his own. Ben Jonson

GRATITUDE

GRATITUDE is an emotion which does justice to those who have served well and preserves from selfishness those who have received service. Archbishop Temple



THIS ENGLAND

Old houses in the National Trust village of West Wycombe, Bucks

Speaker's Chair and Conqueror's Oak

WHEN our bombed House of Commons is rebuilt it is to be furnished with a Speaker's Chair presented by Australia. One important question concerning the gift remains to be decided—Of what Australian timber shall the chair be made?

It is certain that the tree is represented at Kew, for in the great Herbarium there, among the four million specimens preserved, are examples of every botanical growth yet discovered in the Island Continent.

Australia already furnishes us with timber from her giant native trees, but the day may come when she sends us wood from trees whose ancestors were natives of England. When the King and Queen, as Duke and Duchess of York, opened the Australian Parliament House at Canberra 16 years ago, 24 trees from Kew were planted there—oaks, beeches, elms, horse-chestnuts, alder, and cricket-bat willows—some by the King and Queen themselves.

The Kew willows at Canberra were not the first of their order to take root in Australia. Years ago slips of weeping willows that grew round the grave of Napoleon in St Helena were taken to Australia. There they have thrived to such an extent that they hold up leagues of the Murrumbidgee, the river on which Canberra stands. Growing wild and untended in a land of freedom they seem to symbolise the downfall of a tyranny that was as oppressive to our ancestors as is that of Hitler in Europe today.

America, too, has links with a

conqueror. When the President entertains in the State dining-room at the White House, his guests note its beautiful paneling of unique brown oak. That oak came from Rockingham Park, in Northamptonshire, the county in which lies Sulgrave Manor, home of the forefathers of George Washington, first President of the United States.

Those brown oaks, which have not their known like throughout the world, are descendants of trees that grew in Rockingham Forest, where there is a hill on which William the Conqueror built a fortress-castle. Its purpose was to guard the precious iron mines in the woodlands, which were served by the oak ancestors of the trees that now panel the President's dining-room.

The Conqueror cut down oaks to make fires for smelting when coal was not known to be a fuel; William Rufus, his son, cut down other oaks for his immense and stately Westminster Hall. That building was the cradle of English Common Law, on which are based the legal systems of the British Commonwealth and of the United States. Near Westminster Hall, in the rebuilt Commons, the new Speaker's Chair from Australia will one day stand.

RATS!

ALL over the country war is being waged on rats, and people are flocking to the ranks of Rat Reporters to help the ratters in their assaults on this deadly foe.

In conserving the nation's food supplies ratting is almost as important as rationing, and, therefore, it is of more than local interest that Datchet has sent an SOS to its bigger neighbour Eton for a rat-catcher. Hordes of rats have invaded the pretty little Thames-side village, and are eating up the apple-stocks, and even killing chickens.

It may not be possible, of course, for the Eton Council to find a professional rat-catcher with an odd hour or two to help Datchet out of its trouble. On the other hand, though Eton College is doing so many useful odd jobs these days (cleaning railway-engines at the Slough depot of the GWR is the latest) it may be possible for a band of Etonian volunteers to take on the job. Why not? Whatever Eton boys take in hand they do well, and we may be sure they would not boggle at rat-catching.

AN IDEAL MILL

At least one Lancashire cotton mill has solved its problem of finding operatives. Higher Walton Mill, near Preston, never has any difficulty in attracting workers.

Inside and outside the mill there are flowers in profusion. Not only are there little gardens all round the mill, but there are orchards too. The hundreds of windows are painted white. Lifts specially installed for the workers save fatigue in climbing steps. Chairs are placed beside all machines so that the worker can sit down at every convenient opportunity. There are little alcoves containing wash-basins in every room. A rest room is complete with all kinds of devices for the comfort of the cotton worker.

Instead of the tiled, concrete, or stone floors so typical of a Lancashire mill, the floors are of maple, while six-foot-wide avenues separate the rows of machinery, all the driving shafts and belts being enclosed.

Every morning and afternoon trolleys go round with tea and cakes. Radio is everywhere linked with gramophones which broadcast good music and interesting talks. Below the delightful canteen are the air-raid shelters, strongly built and provided with comfortable seats and bunks.

FOR THE CHILDREN OF AN ALLY

The children of Yugoslavia are suffering cruelly in their country's struggle, and in many cases are in immediate danger through starvation and lack of medical supplies. But during all their privations their spirit has remained unbroken, and they play their part in resisting the enemy.

The Yugoslav Relief Society, under the patronage of King Peter, who was once a school-boy in our land, is doing great work for them from its London headquarters at 46, Piccadilly. But it can only help with our co-operation. Whatever sum we can send, however great or small, will be spent in saving the lives of the children of a brave people. Let us remember them.



AT THE RED CROSS CHRISTMAS GIFT SALE

A Friend Out With Romany

THE passing of Romany was a sad blow to millions of young people. For twenty years the Revd G. Bramwell Evens had been one of the great favourites of the Children's Hour, and there can be few who did not love those vivid broadcasts, *Out with Romany*.

Out with Romany! Yes, even by wireless it was always an adventure. But we think our readers would like to know what it was like really to be Out with Romany; and we gladly publish these impressions sent to us by a Yorkshireman who knew him well and revelled in his company.

It was thrilling to listen to Romany's broadcasts, but it was still more thrilling to walk in step with this Yorkshire naturalist of gipsy blood—tall, dark, careless of his appearance, but wonderfully alert. He had a rugged and much-lined face, bushy eyebrows, fine teeth, and a smile which lit up his features as a ray of sunshine illuminates a room. He was full of humour, always up to some mischief, a terrible tease, and a kind of lovable, overgrown schoolboy, though he had much learning.

To be out with him meant seeing and hearing what you would otherwise have missed. Many a time the writer tramped through the woods and fields and by the streams with Romany and his famous dog, Raq; and every time

he went Romany surprised him. Once Romany pointed to a tree and whispered, "Hush!" The writer kept still. "Look," whispered Romany. The writer looked, but he could see nothing. He looked a long time, and it was only after Romany had pointed out the very spot that the writer at last caught a glimpse of vivid colour, the head of a woodpecker. Yet Romany, glancing round carelessly, had seen it. In the same way, Romany said once: "Listen—there's old man hotchi snoring." Hotchi is the Romany word for hedgehog; and after much searching among dead leaves in a ditch he brought to light a hedgehog fast asleep, its regular breathing sounding very much like an old gentleman snoring during an after-dinner nap.

Romany not only saw and heard, he seemed to feel the presence of his beloved friends in the country, the birds and animals. He knew their ways. He watched patiently. He photographed them, and anyone out with him found a rare study, for he walked as if he were tracking, and his lithe body seemed to pass out of sunshine into shadow, or through tangled branches and long grass without a sound. He had the great gift of effacing himself, and would stand motionless until rabbits and birds played about him without taking the slightest notice of him.

Yes, to be Out with Romany and Raq was true adventure.

Eating Controlled by Law

REVIEWING the promise of Christmas fare allowed by law, some young people may be sighing for the "good old days" and their abundance. But those good old days were, in fact, not always graced with plenty and profusion. Apart from famine years and restrictions imposed by war, our ancestors had to submit to prohibitions that we, with war ended, should hotly resent as an interference with the liberty of the subject.

In the midst of sumptuous feasting there came an official yearning for a return to something nearer the simplicity of diet enforced in ancient Sparta, where all ate in public as we, who choose, lunch or dine at communal kitchens. During the reign of Edward the Second an Act of Parliament was passed, and reinforced in the following reign, which condemned "the outrageous and excessive multi-

tudes of meats and dishes" used by the wealthy in their castles and also by persons of lesser status "imitating their example beyond what their stations required, or their means could afford."

So rich and poor alike were forbidden to eat more than two courses of meat a day, and, on fish days, more than two courses of fish. In Scotland, with the first of the Stuarts on the throne, society was stirred by the introduction of two startling novelties—pies and baked meats! These novelties, the Scottish Parliament, by an Act of 1433, declared should not be eaten by anyone below the rank of baron.

Our ancestors of Plantagenet days had one advantage over us: as compensation for the rich dishes forbidden them they could consume milk, butter, and cheese at every meal if they so chose. We cannot.

BEDTIME CORNER

The Lazy Hen

A WOMAN had a hen that laid one egg every day. "Now," thought the woman, "if I give this hen more food she will lay two eggs a day." So she fed the hen till it grew lazy, and laid no eggs. Be content with plenty.

HOME

SIT alone within a small back room,
And gaze on winter's cold and hopeless gloom;
My clock is ticking off the hours for me,
And soon today will be a memory.

But there will always be another day,
And hope and courage blow the clouds away;
And though at last we leave this world on earth,
We never leave the world that gave man birth.

Does not the cloud descend in drops of rain
To join the mighty ocean once again?
Do seeds not leave the plant and fall on earth
To join the world that gave the plant its birth?

Behold the moon tonight is full of mirth,
And smiling down upon our mother earth;
And all the shining worlds of night remain
To guide her little children home again. E. Oxburgh

PRAYER

As coins upon their face portray
The head to whom they homage pay,
So may they know who look on me
That I belong, O Lord, to Thee. Amen.

POST EARLY FOR CHRISTMAS



What Will Happen to the Traitors?

THE Allies have clearly expressed their intentions concerning the punishment that awaits war criminals proved guilty of barbarities. What will happen, we must all wonder, to those contemptible traitors who have sold their country?

Quisling, the original of that name, the man who betrayed his native Norway for German gold, is assured of undying infamy. He has given the world a new word, quisling, with a small "q," meaning a traitor. Then there are the lesser knaves, such as William Joyce, the Londoner, who has sullied our ears with his long series of pro-Nazi Haw-Haw broadcasts from Berlin; and Ezra Pound, an American poet, who has defamed the Allies and humanity's cause in broadcasts from Mussolini's microphones. What, hereafter, will the world say to them and to their unspeakable fellows in treachery?

During the 1914-18 war we had an enemy of the same sort in Houston Stewart Chamberlain. A Portsmouth-born son of a British admiral, who had settled in Germany and married a daughter of Wagner, he turned on the land of his birth, and, wielding a wild venomous pen, became one of the foremost of our literary foes. And the post-war result? Having laughed him to scorn while he was active, we forgot all about him when he dared no longer traduce us.

The Tower of London has its Traitors' Gate, through which, during unhappy ages, passed a long procession of persons accused of treason and treachery, many of them, like the princess who became Queen Elizabeth, and Sir Walter Raleigh, innocent of offence. Generally speaking,

however, we do not confer distinction upon infamy by commemorating it in a specific name.

A place where treason is "so commemorated is Rome. On the Capitoline Hill, where wolves from the Apennines dwell in a shrub-shrouded den in honour of the she-wolf that is said to have nurtured the infant founder of the city, there stands the Tarpeian Rock. This is supposed to mark the site of the gate at the summit of the ascent by which Tarpeia, daughter of the governor of the citadel, secretly admitted the besieging Sabines.

Covetous of the gold bracelets worn by the foemen, Tarpeia agreed to open the gate to the enemy, who were to reward her with the ornaments for which she yearned. On gaining admittance the enemy heaped not gold, but their heavy shields upon Tarpeia, who sank to death beneath the burden's weight.

No one in Rome today questions the truth of the tradition; no one questioned it in days gone by. For centuries offenders against the State were hurled from the rock whose name keeps fresh the memory of Tarpeia's baseness.

As if to deck supposed reality with an embroidery of romance, a second tradition is kept alive. This is that Tarpeia, beautiful as worthless, still sits, sparkling with gold and jewels, in a cave in the innermost recesses of the hill, enchanted and motionless.

THE KANGAROO MOUSE

A SYDNEY girl of 15, while listening to an Australian Nature broadcast, heard that no pouched hopping mouse had been seen for 75 years, and that such animals were all supposed to have perished. So she set off up-country and caught a midget kangaroo-like mouse, complete with pouch in which to carry its young, with short fore-paws and long hind legs for leaping.

She carried her prize to the Sydney Natural History Museum, and lo, it was one of the missing kangaroo mice, probably the bush-tailed Phascogale penicillata.

This enthusiastic young nature-lover was more fortunate than a veteran predecessor, an Australian naturalist named Stutchley, who, to his infinite delight and astonishment, dredged from the sea-floor of Port Jackson three peculiar cockles of a species supposed to have become extinct millions of years ago.

Placing the precious trio on the seat of his boat, he turned aside for a moment, then heard two sharp clicks. Looking round, he was distressed to find that two of the living fossils had left the boat. Before he could prevent it the third, using its muscular foot to give it a sort of kick, sprang from its place to rejoin its comrades at the bottom of the bay.

HAPPY FAMILY

ONE of the most delightful wartime art exhibitions is that of Pieter Brueghel and his Circle, recently opened at the Slatter Gallery in Bond Street, London.

Picture-lovers know the name of Brueghel for his genius in portraying bright and jolly Flemish crowds, and also the painting of delightful flower studies. Flanders was not Belgium in the days when Pieter the Master, his son Young Pieter, and his grandsons Ambrose and Abraham, all brought the finest kind of fame to their peaceful little land.

Pieter Brueghel the Elder, founder of the "dynasty," was a simple countryman, like our own two plain Johns, Crome and Constable. He loved to paint gay Flemish crowds at a fair, in the pleasant summertime or in winter on the ice. These were the folk he knew, his friends and neighbours. His son, also named Pieter, was not so gentle or understanding in his outlook, but he was a gifted painter of folk-scenes in his own way. The third generation, represented by Ambrose and Abraham, gave the world flower-pictures which have never been surpassed.

These men are immortals in Belgium's story, and as the Belgian Under-Secretary for State so aptly said when he opened the exhibition, "The joie de vivre which pervades the art of the Brueghels is a happy and deeply ingrained trait of the Belgian character. No oppressor has ever succeeded in quenching it, and I am confident that the present sufferings of our people will not break its proud, gay, and resilient spirit."

RESULTS OF SEPTEMBER BSA MISSING WORD COMPETITION

For the best and most apt sets of answers, of equal merit, the judges have awarded prizes to the following 5 entrants:—
Miss L. Cutler, Enfield Lock; Miss S. Armstrong, Rugby; Master A. Fellows, Tipton; Master Wm. Stewart, Hetton-le-Hole; Master Wm. Hyman, Glasgow; each receiving an equal share of the £10 in prizes.

In the Gilbert Islands

THE landing of American troops in the British Gilbert Islands recalls another American landing there, of a more peaceful nature. In 1857 the famous American missionary Hiram Bingham took Christianity to the Gilbert Islands; and his translation of the Bible and his hymn book are still used there today.

The Gilbert Islands are named after an English naval man, Captain Gilbert, who visited them in the 18th century, and have formally belonged to the British Empire since 1915. They cover 180 square miles of coral rock, 16 small atolls strung across the Equator. The atolls are usually in the shape of a letter "D" with the lagoon enclosed from the west by a straight line. The curving cluster of islets are linked by a foot-track of fine, grey sand with the villages along the lagoon. Above the shore-line grows a thick canopy of coconut palms.

One of the most notable islands is Beru, about 180 miles to the south of Tarawa, where the Americans have landed.

The Revd Norman Goodall of the London Missionary Society, who was there at the beginning of the war, says: "On a site of about 35 acres there is now resident a community of about 300 people. This is composed of students in training for the ministry (with their wives and children), scholars of the schools for boys and girls, and the Gilbertese, Samoan, and European staffs. The range of educational service provided begins with an infant school for the children of

the establishment (this is already serving as a practising school for the pastor-teachers in training) and leads up through the High Schools to the Theological Institution. A printing press, through which an excellent supply of educational and religious text-books in Gilbertese has been made available, an electric plant, a wireless transmitting and receiving station, a trading store, a carpenter's shop and boat-building establishment, a dispensary and infant welfare department, represent the main subsidiary activities, and all this work is carried on with the aid of a valuable plant which has been built up at comparatively small cost by the London Missionary Society.

"When acknowledgment is made of the competence of the work on Beru it should always be remembered that this central institution would be useless if the John Williams V failed to carry out her twice-yearly visits to the group, through which contact is kept between the head station and the islands which it serves."

That is Beru, a typical island of the Gilbert group, far away in the West Pacific and now in the throes of war.

Her teeth are YOUR concern.

Every mother wants her children to grow up with strong, firm white teeth, safe from the danger of decay. The way to make sure of this is by giving the right care when they are young. Dentists advise the use of the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia', which corrects acid mouth, so often the cause of dental trouble.

The toothpaste to ask for is Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Train your children to use it night and morning. They love its pleasant, mild flavour.

1/1d. and 1/10½d.



Phillips' Dental Magnesia

TAKE OLD TUBES BACK TO THE SHOP

* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.



Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels without cramping or over-acting.

Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages.

Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6.

Hurrah!
BERMALINE BREAD
is worth going for

Good, pure, delicious food. A treat to eat—and easily digested.

Baked by Good Bakers everywhere



Enquiries to: MONTGOMERIE & CO. LTD. IBROX, GLASGOW.

MOCK MOCKERY

DINER: "What do you call this stuff?"
Waiter: "Mock turtle soup, sir."
Diner: "Well, tell the chef he has carried his mockery too far."

The Little House

BETTER one's house be too little one day than too big all the year after.

Jacko and Chimp Sing Carols



JACKO and his friend Chimp rather fancy themselves as singers, and Jacko knows what he can do with a concertina! So they thought they would have a try-out on the home doorstep before making the rounds as carol singers. Mrs Jacko listened from inside with real pleasure, for the rendering was good. Suddenly, however, the tune changed. "What ever has happened?" cried Mrs Jacko in alarm as she rushed out. There she saw that a Doggy Quartet, led by Jacko's friend Bouncer, had joined the singers!

DECEMBER

YOU' fill the world, December, With terrors and alarms, But that we all remember The Christ Child in your arms. Come, then, Old Sexton, find your way Through storm and death to Christmas Day.

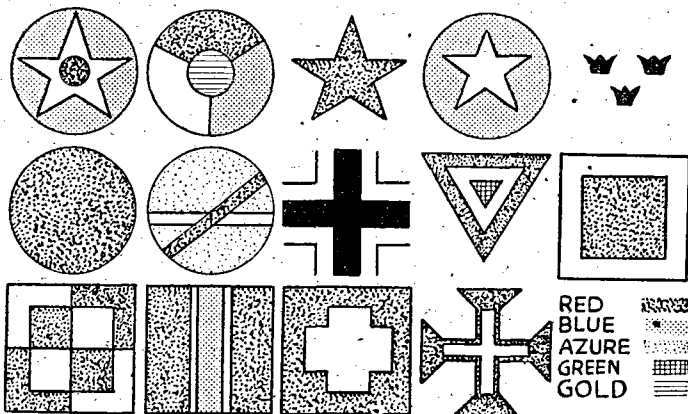
All Welcome

THERE was a young lady whose bonnet Came untied when the birds sat upon it; But she said: "I don't care! All the birds in the air Are welcome to sit on my bonnet!" Edward Lear

Cautious Prophecy

"DO you think, professor," said a musically ambitious youth, "that I can ever do anything with my voice?"
"Well," was the cautious reply, "it may come in handy to call help in case of fire."

Do You Know These Plane Markings?



If you saw an aeroplane with one of these signs on its wings, would you know to which country—Allied, neutral, or enemy—it belonged?
 They are as follows: **Row 1** U.S.A., Netherlands, Russia, China, Sweden.
Row 2 Japan, Uruguay, Germany, Mexico, Turkey. **Row 3** Poland, Norway, Switzerland, Portugal.

THE BRAN TUB

Ready Reckoner

THERE was an old man who said, "Do Say how I can add two and two? I'm not very sure That it doesn't make four: But I fear that is almost too few."

CONVINCING

ABSENT-MINDED professor, hearing a sound under his bed: "Who's there?"
Burglar: "No one."
"Strange," murmured the professor, "I was convinced I heard someone move."

Riddles About Engines

WHAT kind of ears does an engine have? *Engineers.*
 What is the difference between an engine-driver and a school-master? *One minds the train and the other trains the mind.*
 What part of a locomotive needs most attention? *The tender part.*
 What is the great motive for travelling? *The loco-motive.*
 What is the difference between an athlete and an engine-driver? *One trains to run and the other runs a train.*

A Coin Trick

BORROW four coins, and lay them on a table. Then ask your audience so to arrange the coins as to make them represent the towns of *Altrincham, Dublin, Oldham, and Bury*, one at a time.

When they have all given it up, alter the arrangement of the coins; that will represent *Altering 'em*. Then place two of them on the top of the other two, thus *Doubling 'em*. Next take all four up in your hand; then you will *Hold 'em*. And finally put them in your pocket, by which means, so far as their former owners are concerned, you *Bury* them.

But if they call out "And over" you will have to give them their money back!

Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC broadcasts for Wednesday, December 15, to Tuesday, December 21.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 The Writing on the Window, a play about Roundheads and Cavaliers, by Norah Richardson, produced by Eileen Molony. 5.55 Prayers.

THURSDAY, 5.20 Songs and Poems by choirs from Belfast and Everton schools; and a Story. 5.50 Letter from America, by Olive Shapley.

FRIDAY, 5.20 The Box of Delights, by John Masefield, adapted as a serial play by Robert Holland and John Keir Cross—Part 6, The End of it All.

SATURDAY, 5.20 For the Youngest Listeners: Music for Party Games by the Kelvin Quintet, explained by Tom Smith; Charade by Charles Constant; Folk Songs by Kathleen; Scottish Country Dance Tunes by the Kelvin Quintet.

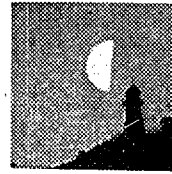
SUNDAY, 5.20 Story for the youngest listeners. 5.27 First broadcast of Benjamin Britten's new work, Ceremony of Carols. 5.52 Appeal for Cripple Children by Mac.

MONDAY, 5.20 Babouschka, a Russian Christmas legend, by Gladys M. Garratt, told by Nan. 5.30 Christmas Music by Helen Henschel; followed by a Talk.

TUESDAY, 5.30 The Christmas Cuckoo, adapted by Muriel Levy from Granny's Wonderful Chair and its Tales of Fairy Times, by Frances Browne, produced by Nan Macdonald.

Other Worlds

IN the evening, Mars, Saturn, and Uranus are in the south-east. In the late evening Jupiter is low in the east. In the morning Venus is in the south-east and Jupiter is in the south. The picture shows the moon as it may be seen at 7 a.m. on Sunday, December 19.



Certain of Success

"IF you'll let me choose the course and give me a yard's start," said the local sportsman to a famous sprinter, "I'll race you and beat you!"
"Ten pounds to one that you don't," was the confident reply. "Name your course."
"Up a ladder," came the challenger's reply.

PROVERB GAMES

EACH player should write on a slip of paper the vowels only of some well-known proverb. The papers are then exchanged, and everyone has to try to discover the proverb.

As an example take i e a o a a e a a i, which is the skeleton of the proverb "Give a dog a bad name and hang him." Omitting every other letter or every third letter of the proverb makes an easier game.

IN COLD STORAGE

THE would-be contributor asked if his jokes had been used.

"No," said the Editor, "I am afraid they left me cold."

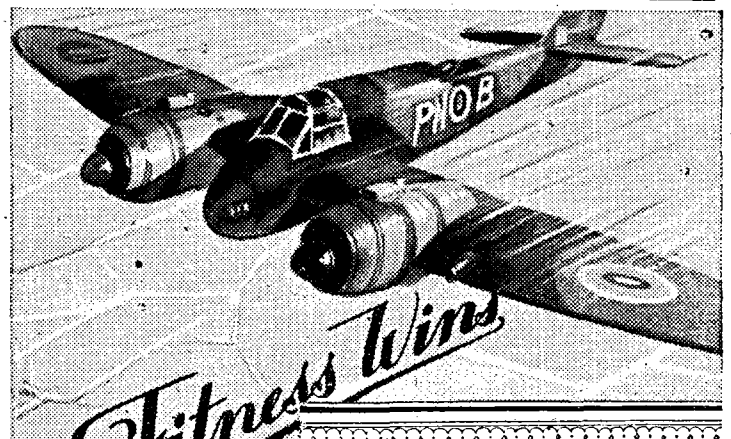
"Then why not keep them for your special Summer Number?"

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

COPY	AKIN
ARREST	SO
SPEAKER	T
THE YACE	
ANT	ODER
ONE	EINK
N	DEVIATE
CO	SENTRY
EMIT	SEES

Jumbled Warships
 Destroyer, mine-sweepers, aircraft carrier, cruiser, corvette, submarine.

A Cup of Coffee
 Kauphy



SUCCESS in schoolwork and games depends very largely upon your physical fitness—and fitness depends upon proper nourishment and proper sleep.

A simple way to ensure that your diet is complete in health-giving nourishment is to make delicious 'Ovaltine'—your regular daily beverage. 'Ovaltine' is a scientifically perfect food which provides the nutritive elements required to build up body, brain and nerves to the highest efficiency.

'Ovaltine' was regularly carried by record-breaking airmen in peacetime long-distance flights, and was relied upon to build up reserves of strength, vitality and stamina.

A cup of 'Ovaltine' taken at bedtime will help to give you restful and restorative sleep, so that you wake up in the morning with new strength and vigour.

On the advice of their Squadron Medical Officer many wartime Pilots drink 'Ovaltine' every night on retiring, to ensure a good night's sleep.

'Ovaltine' is easily prepared. If milk is not available, water can be used as 'Ovaltine' itself contains milk. Remember also that 'Ovaltine' is naturally sweet, so that there is no need to add sugar.

OVALTINE TABLETS

An Emergency Ration for Eating.

'Ovaltine' Tablets contain the energising and sustaining elements of 'Ovaltine'. Always carry a supply with you. In two sizes, 4d. & 1/3.

Drink delicious

Ovaltine
 for Health, Strength & Vitality